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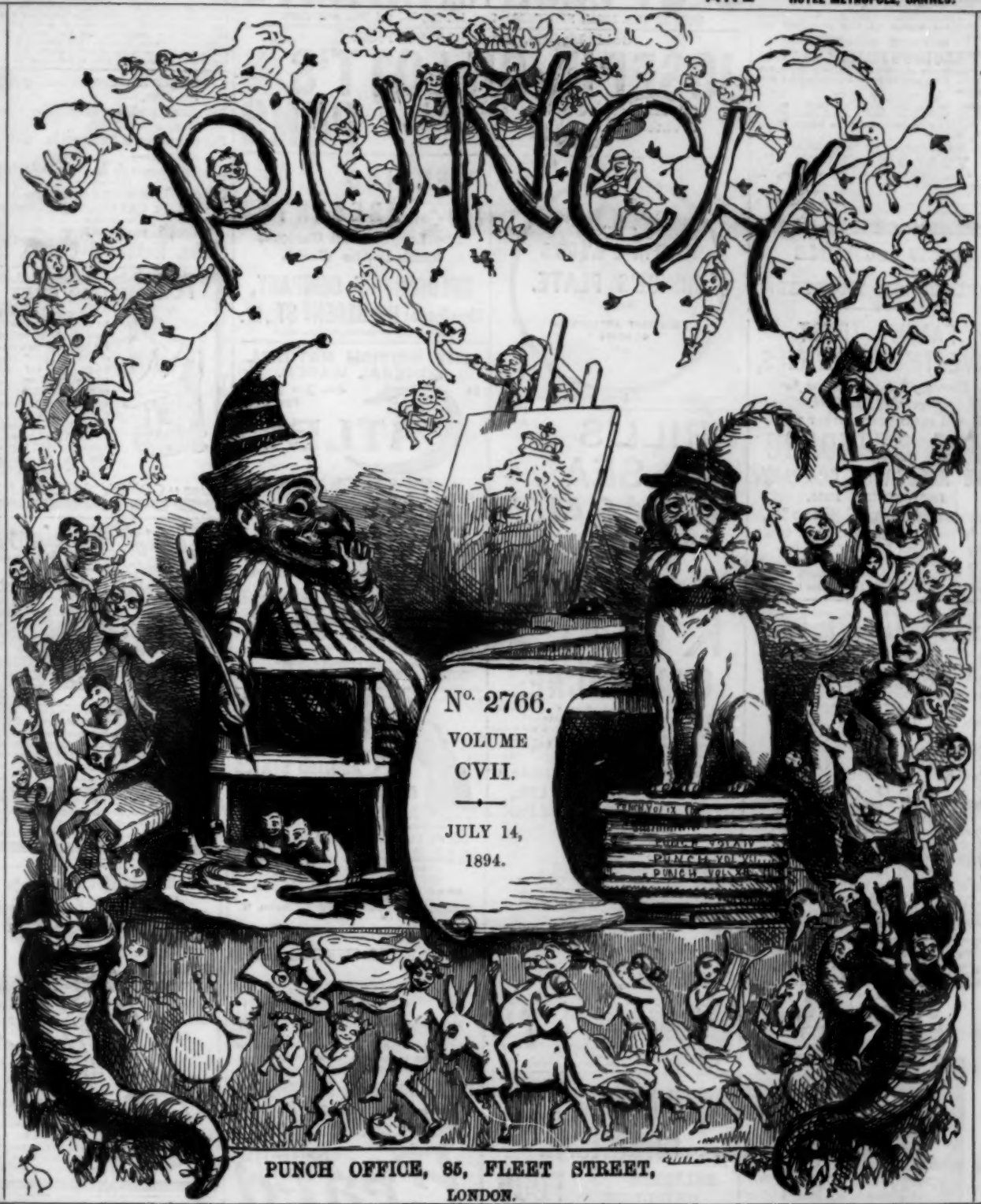

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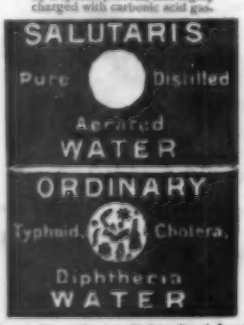

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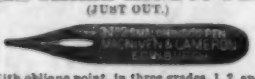

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THE DIURNAL FEMININE.

LET others read the "latest news"
Our daily papers offer,
Take pleasure in the smart reviews
And chuckle with the scoffer,
Enjoy the leaders, or appraise
The newest "Labour Crisis,"
Or smile to learn that Brighton A's
Maintain their recent prices.

I only find such trifles vex,
I do not seek instruction
Upon the blemishes which X.
Perceives in Y.'s production,
And stocks may fall like anything,
They 'll not affect my fate, or
Compel less cheerfully to sing
This *vacuus viator*.

The reason why I daily make
My sacrifice of pennies,
Is merely for a column's sake
Which scarce, perhaps, for men is,
And yet it elevates, refines,
It stirs the noblest passions,
That article whose moving lines
Are headed "Latest Fashions."

What joy to ascertain in print
The latest mode in dresses,
To learn the new artistic tint
Adopted by Princesses,
To roam the galleries with her
Whose eulogies and strictures
To hats and dress alone refer,
And never deal with pictures!

Let troubles still oppress the State
With all their usual rigour,
Let politicians still debate
With undiminished vigour,
Of such the common person reads,
But give to *me* the papers
That chronicle at length the deeds
Of milliners and drapers!

STATE AID FOR MATRIMONY.

(*By a University Extensionist.*)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—What a charming little theatre that is at Burlington House! I missed you at the *matinées* there a few days ago. Of course you know the Travelling Provincial Company of the Universities' Guild for the Extension of High-Class Comedy? Well, they visited the Metropolis for their coming-of-age, and gave the new extravaganza of *Hodge, B.Sc.*, or *The Vision of Peers and the Plowman*. This had nothing to do with *Jupiter, LL.D.*, though no fewer than three noble Chancellors took a leading part at the different performances. After all it was nothing but a dished-up version of the old play of *Gentleman Geordie*, or *The Cultured Collier*; only the pitman business is a little played out, and the victim of Agricultural Enlightment is just now the vogue, thanks to the County Councils.

But what interest, you will say, *can* this weary work have for "the young person" (is not that the phrase?). Why should ETHEL and I and the other country cousins, who are up to have a good time, waste our precious moments on University Extension, when they might have been given to the galleries, or, better still, to the shops? Dear *Mr. Punch*, you will not betray my confidence and print my real name, *will* you, if I tell you the reason? I do so in the hope that you will use your great and good influence to support our claim for State aid in a matter deeply interesting us girls in the provinces.

I have always thought that the most important object of University Extension has been overlooked. It certainly was the other day. I mean this. In the present unparalleled depression of the matrimonial market, what we want is a constant supply of nice, eligible young men from the University "brought home to our very doors," as they say about culture and the people. We cannot *all* live in garrison towns, and what are two or three curates among so many? Already, as I have seen in one of the magazines for young ladies, the cleric cloth is being supplanted in romantic fiction by the lay lecturer's velveteen. But we must have State said, and, if necesary, create a fresh Government Department, for the increase and support of this class of men. The profession would be very popular; those who joined it would keep marrying and moving on (I hope I express myself intelligently), and there would soon be enough to go round.

ETHEL's papa, who is not very rich, and has a large family, told her that people in Rome who married, and had three children, got a sort of degree for it, and were let off taxes. It seems to me that the scheme for State aid which I suggest is a much more modest one.

A man that played the title-rôle in *Hodge, B.Sc.*, gave vent to what I considered a very stupid sentiment. "Give us," he said, "some really useful and sensible instruction, not silly lectures about Love and Marriage, just to make people laugh!" This only shows how dreadfully void of finer feeling is your man of Agricultural Enlightenment. Why, we once had a *delightful* course on almost the very subjects at which he was ignorantly pleased to scoff! It was given by an interesting-looking young graduate from St. Valentine's, and was called "Byron and Shelley, with dissolving views." I remember well the questions set by him for one of the weekly papers. Shall I repeat them? He had just been lecturing on *Don Juan*.

1. Give in alphabetical order the chief attractions of the Hero of our poem.

2. Cite parallels to *Don Juan* among the gentleman friends of your acquaintance *other than Extension Lecturers*.

3. Contrast the character (if any) of *Haidee* with that of (*a*) *The Maid of Athens*, (*b*) *Queen Mab*.

I took a lot of pains over this paper, and I sent the lecturer an anonymous button-hole, with a request (in the same handwriting as on the answer-paper) that he would wear my floral tribute at lecture. He did so, and expressed himself as greatly pleased with my work. On my exercise (which I have kept) he wrote the following observation:—"Excellent; most appreciative and womanly; I thank you; should like to discuss a small question with you after class."

Now we want more of this spirit among Extension Lecturers. True, the one of whom I spoke turned out afterwards to have been married all the time, and I *do* think he should have mentioned it on the cover of his syllabus; but the principle holds good just the same.

So, dear *Mr. Punch*, on this question of State aid, at which I have (as I hope with delicacy) hinted above, you *will* help us, won't you? Your devoted, MADGE.

P.S.—Couldn't *you* lecture to us on something nice, and help to raise a fund for our scheme?

MR. PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATED LAW REPORTS.

No. 1.—"ALLEGED CONTEMPT OF COURT BY AN INFANT."

YET ANOTHER MEMOIR OF NAPOLEON.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—There are so many lives of the great NAPOLEON being published nowadays that one might fancy the former ruler of France must have been as many-careered as a cat. Still, it may be interesting to your readers if I give a few particulars of the great man that have not yet appeared in print, if I except the pages of your own immortal volumes.

I had the pleasure of meeting the great NAPOLEON some forty or fifty years ago; he was then in his prime.

In personal appearance he was not unlike the portraits so familiar to the public. In spite of his enthusiastic devotion for France, he invariably addressed his troops in the English language. This is a characteristic that seemingly has escaped the attention of all his biographers.

The numbers and quality of his army have been much exaggerated. Although in his speeches he was accustomed to boast of the strength of his troops, as a matter of fact they could be more easily counted by tens than hundreds. His artillery was almost a myth, and the ammunition was chiefly composed of crackers. As for his cavalry, the horses were showy but unreliable, many of them had white spots, and not a few were extremely intelligent. His favourite charger had been known on occasion (when engaged in circus duty) to drink a glass of sherry with the clown.

But there is one point I particularly wish to set right. Although known by the public as NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE, my hero in private life was invariably called by his intimates "poor old GOMERSAL."

Yours respectfully,
The Amphitheatre BOSWELL REDIVIVUS.
Within Site of Astley's.

P.S.—I saw the latest actor's edition of NAPOLEON the other night at the Gaiety. He wasn't "in it" with "GOMERSAL,"—but then GOMERSAL was occasionally on horseback; still, there was the uniform and the snuff-box.

FANCY PORTRAIT.

Lord Chief Justice . . . LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN. *King Henry the Fifth* . . . MR PUNCH.

"YOU ARE RIGHT, JUSTICE, AND YOU WEIGH THIS WELL;
THEREFORE STILL BEAR THE BALANCE, AND THE SWORD:
AND I DO WISH YOUR HONOURS MAY INCREASE!"

Second Part of King Henry the Fourth, Act., V Sc. 2.

FANCY PORTRAIT.

(*A Shakspearian "Living Picture" up to date.*)

Lord Chief Justice . . . { LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN.
King Henry the Fifth. . MR. PUNCH.

King. You are right, Justice, and you weigh this well;
Therefore still bear the balance, and the sword:
And I do wish your honours may increase!
* * * * *
For which I do commit into your hand
The unstained sword COLERIDGE was used to bear;
With this remembrance,—That you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit
As you have shown before. There is my hand!

Second Part of King Henry the Fourth, Act V. Sc. 2 (slightly altered).

As HARRY unto GASCOIGNE gave,
So *Punch* to RUSSELL gladly gives
That Sword which frights but rogue and slave,
By which our ordered freedom lives;
And gives therewith his hand in token
Of pleasure more than may be spoken.

Nought have you "done that misbecame
Your place, your person," or your power.
'Tis a right crown of crescent fame,
Of fitness full befitting dower,
That you, my Lord, "have foremost hand"
In dealing justice round the land.

If set in quaint Shakspearian guise,
Not less the motley-wearing Sage
Gaily presents to serious eyes
A Living Picture for the Age.
So "take it—earnest wed with sport," *
From one who, stooping not to court,
Loves e'en to praise in merry sort!

* TENNYSON'S *The Day Dream.*

THE HARDY ANNUAL AT HENLEY

OR, LUNCH AMONG THE ROWERS.

AIR—"*Love among the Ruins.*"

WHEN the early cat erotically smiles
On the tiles,
I arise and rather accurately fling
Any thing
That is handy and adapted to my sense
Of offence;
Then I reconstruct my well-avenged head
On the bed;
But the hope of sleep deferred is deadly dull,
So I cull
Memoranda from the great and golden time
Of my prime.

Twenty years ago at Henley-on-the-Thames,
While the gems
Of the season simply sparkled into cheers,
(Little dears!)
I endeavoured to secure the Ladies' Plate;
Though of late
I have been the painful object of remark
In a barque;
But the circuit of my waist was not as yet
Fifty, nett;
And I fancy I was feeling pretty fit;
That was it.

Then I fed on oaten fare and milky slops,
Steaks and chops;
Never, never looked a lobster in the face,
And the race
Saw me down to just eleven at the scales,
Hard as nails;
Now I very much prefer to view the hunt
From a punt,
Or a houseboat, or an ark, or any sort
Of support,
While I minimise the necessary strain
With champagne.

MODESTY.

Housewife. "WELL, IF I GIVE YOU SOME BREAKFAST, YOU 'LL HAVE TO EARN IT BY CHOPPING SOME WOOD FOR ME."

Tramp. "I 'D LIKE TER 'BLIGE YER, LADY. BUT, BLESHYER 'ART, 'TAIN'T FER THE LIKES O' ME TER FOLLER IN THE FOOTSTEPS O' MR. GLADSTONE!"

At the yearly celebration it 's the rule,
Hot or cool,
For a girl with yellow eyes and eager hair
To be there,
By a mass of mayonnaise and pigeon-pie;
So am I!
Oh the glory of the battle past recall!
After all,
What with hearts that freely wobble, stitch that stabs,
And the crabs,
And the quicken up to forty round the chest—
Lunch is best!

SPECIALLY-ARRANGED MOTTO FOR THE VICTORIA STEAMBOAT ASSOCIATION'S NEW VESSEL "THE PALM." — "*Palma, quæ meruit, ferat,*"—(*i.e.*, Let *The Palm* carry as many as she was constructed to carry, and not more).

Old Loves for New.

(*New Version of an Old Song.*)

If 'tis good to be merry and wise,
If 'tis good to be honest and true,
Then 'tis good to keep on with the old "Woman,"
And carefully keep off the New:
For of honesty, truthfulness, wisdom, *and* mirth,
The "New Woman" shows a most plentiful dearth.

THE German Derby (61,000 marks) was won at Hamburg by Baron MÜNCHAUSEN'S *Spider*. The Baron has done many wonderful things in his lifetime (*vide* the history of his adventures), and it was a foregone conclusion that if he ran a horse at the Derby he was bound not only to win, but to make something more than his mark.

LYRE AND LANCET.

(A Story in Scenes.)

PART II.—SELECT PASSAGES FROM A COMING POET.

SCENE II. — *The Morning Room at Wyvern.* Lady RHODA COKAYNE, Mrs. BROOKE-CHATTERIS, *and* Miss VIVIEN SPELWANE *are comfortably established near the fireplace. The* Hon. BERTIE PILLINER, Captain THICKNESSE, *and* ARCHIE BEARPARK *have just drifted in.*

Miss Spelwane. Why, you *don't* mean to say you've torn yourselves away from your beloved billiards already? *Quite* wonderful!

Bertie Pilliner. It's too *horrid* of you to leave us to play all by ourselves! We've all got so cross and fractious we've come in here to be petted!

[*He arranges himself at her feet, so as to exhibit a very neat pair of silk socks and pumps.*

Captain Thicknesse (to himself). Do hate to see a fellow come down in the mornin' with evenin' shoes on!

Archie Bearpark (to BERTIE PILLINER). You speak for yourself, PILLINER. *I* didn't come to be petted. Came to see if Lady RHODA wouldn't come and toboggan down the big staircase on a tea-tray. *Do!* It's elinkin' sport!

Capt. Thick. (to himself). If there's one thing I *can't* stand it's a rowdy bullyraggin' ass like ARCHIE!

Lady Rhoda. Ta muchly, dear boy, but you don't catch me travellin' downstairs on a tea-tray *twice*—it's just a bit *too* elinkin', don't you know!

Archie (disappointed). Why, there's a mat at the bottom of the stairs! Well, if you won't, let's get up a cushion fight, then. BERTIE and I will choose sides. PILLINER, I'll toss you for first pick up—come out of that, do.

Bertie (lazily). Thanks, I'm much too comfy where I am. And I don't see any point in romping and rumpling one's hair just before lunch.

Archie. Well, you *are* slack. And there's a good hour still before lunch. THICKNESSE, *you* suggest something, there's a dear old chap.

Capt. Thick. (after a mental effort). Suppose we all go and have another look round at the gees—eh, what?

Bertie. I beg to oppose. Do let's show *some* respect for the privacy of the British hunter. Why should I go and smack them on their fat backs, and feel every one of their horrid legs twice in one morning? I shouldn't like a horse coming into my bedroom at all hours to smack *me* on the back. I should *hate* it!

Mrs. Brooke-Chatteris. I love them—dear things! But still, it's so wet, and it would mean going up and changing our shoes too—perhaps Lady RHODA—— [Lady RHODA *flatly declines to stir before lunch.*

Capt. Thick. (resentfully). Only thought it was better than loafin' about, that's all. *(To himself.)* I do bar a woman who's afraid of a little mud. (*He saunters up to* Miss SPELWANE *and absently pulls the ear of a Japanese spaniel on her knee.*) Poo' little fellow, then!

Miss Spelw. Poor little fellow? On My lap!!!

Capt. Thick. Oh, it—ah—didn't occur to me that he was on *your* lap. He don't seem to mind *that.*

Miss Spelw. No? *How* forbearing of him! Would you mind not standing quite so much in my light, I can't see my work.

Capt. Thick. (to himself, retreating). That girl's always fishin' for compliments. I didn't rise *that* time, though. It's precious slow here. I've a good mind to say I must get back to Aldershot this afternoon.

[*He wanders aimlessly about the room;* ARCHIE BEARPARK *looks out of window with undisguised boredom.*

Lady Rhoda. I say, if none of you are goin' to be more amusin' than this, you may as well go back to your billiards again.

Bertie. Dear Lady RHODA, how cruel of you! You'll have to let *me* stay. I'll be so good. Look here, I'll read aloud to you. I *can*—quite prettily. What shall it be? you don't care? no more do I. I'll take the first that comes. (*He reaches for the nearest volume on a table close by.*) How *too* delightful! Poetry—which I know you *all* adore. [*He turns over the leaves.*

Lady Rhoda. If you ask *me*, I simply loathe it.

Bertie. Ah, but then you never heard *me* read it, you know. Now, here is a choice little bit, stuck right up in a corner, as if it had been misbehaving itself. "Disenchantment" it's called. [*He reads.*

"My Love has sicklied unto Loath,
And foul seems all that fair I fancied—
The lily's sheen a leprous growth,
The very buttercups are rancid!"

Archie. Jove! The Johnny who wrote that must have been feelin' chippy!

Bertie. He gets cheaper than that in the next poem. This is his idea of "Abasement." [*He reads.*

"With matted head a-dabble in the dust,
And eyes tear-sealed in a saline crust,
I lie all loathly in my rags and rust—
Yet learn that strange delight may lurk in self-disgust."

"I'll read you a regular rouser called 'A Trumpet Blast.'"

Now, do you know, I rather like that—it's so very decadent!

Lady Rhoda. I should call it utter rot, myself.

Bertie (blandly). Forgive me, Lady RHODA. "Utterly rotten," if you like, but *not* "utter rot." There's a difference, really. Now, I'll read you a quaint little production which has dropped down to the bottom of the page, in low spirits, I suppose. "Stanza written in Depression near Dulwich." [*He reads.*

"The lark soars up in the air; The toad sits tight in his hole;
And I would I were certain which of the pair Were the truer type of my soul!"

Archie. I should be inclined to back the toad, myself.

Miss Spelw. If you must read, do choose something a little less dismal. Aren't there any love songs?

Bertie. I'll look. Yes, any amount—here's one. (*He reads*). "To My Lady."

"Twine, lanken fingers lily-lithe,
Gleam, slanted eyes all beryl-green, [awrithe,
Pout, blood-red lips that burst
Then—kiss me, Lady GRISOLINE!"

Miss Spelw. (interested). So *that's* his type. Does he mention whether she *did* kiss him?

Bertie. Probably. Poets are always privileged to kiss and tell. I'll see . . . h'm, ha, yes; he *does* mention it . . . I think I'll read something else. Here's a classical specimen. [*He reads.*

"Uprears the monster now his slobberous head,
Its filamentous chaps her ankles brushing;
Her twice-five roseal toes are cramped in dread,
Each maidly instep mauven-pink is flushing."

And so on, don't you know. . . . Now I'll read you a regular rouser called "A Trumpet Blast." Sit tight, everybody! [*He reads.*

"Pale Patricians, sunk in self-indulgence, (One for *you*, dear ARCHIE!)
Blink your bleared eyes. (Blink, pretty creatures, blink!)
Behold the Sun-
-Burst proclaim, in purpurate effulgence,
Demos dawning, and the Darkness—done!"

[*General hilarity, amidst which* Lady CULVERIN *enters.*

Lady Culcerin. So *glad* you all contrive to keep your spirits up, in spite of this dismal weather. What is it that's amusing you all so much, eh, dear VIVIEN?

Miss Spelw. BERTIE PILLINER has been reading aloud to us, dear Lady CULVERIN—*the* most ridiculous poetry—made us all simply shriek. What's the name of it? (*Taking the volume out of* BERTIE'S *hand.*) Oh, *Andromeda, and other poems.* By CLARION BLAIR.

Lady Culc. (coldly). BERTIE PILLINER can turn everything into

ridicule, we all know, but probably you are not aware that these particular poems are considered quite wonderful by all competent judges. Indeed, my sister-in-law——

All (*in consternation*). Lady CANTIRE! Is *she* the author? Oh, of course, if we'd had any idea!

Lady Culv. I've no reason to believe that Lady CANTIRE ever composed *any* poetry. I was only going to say that she was most interested in the author, and as she and my niece MAISIE are coming to us this evening——

Miss Spelw. Dear Lady CULVERIN, the verses are quite, *quite* beautiful; it was only the way they were read.

Lady Culv. I am glad to hear you say so, my dear, because I'm also expecting the pleasure of seeing the author here, and you will probably be his neighbour to-night. I hope, BERTIE, that you will remember that this young man is a very distinguished genius; there is no wit that *I* can discover in making fun of what one doesn't happen to understand. [*She passes on.*

Bertie (*plaintively, after* Lady CULVERIN *has left the room*). May I trouble somebody to scrape me up? I'm pulverised! But really, you know, a real live poet at Wyvern! I say, Miss SPELWANE, how will you like to have him dabbling his matted head next to you at dinner, eh?

Miss Spelw. Perhaps I shall find a matted head more entertaining than a smooth one. And if you've quite done with that volume, *I* should like to have a look at it. [*She retires with it to her room.*

Archie (*to himself*). I'm not half sorry this Poet-johnny's comin'; I never caught a Bard in a booby-trap *yet*.

Capt. Thick. (*to himself*). She's coming—this very evening! And I was nearly sayin' I must get back to Aldershot!

Lady Rhoda. So Lady CANTIRE's comin'; we shall all have to be on our hind legs now! But MAISIE's a dear thing. Do you know her, Captain THICKNESSE!

Capt. Thick. I—I used to meet Lady MAISIE MULL pretty often some time ago; don't know if she'll remember it, though.

Lady Rhoda. She'll love meetin' this writin' man—she's so fearfully romantic. I heard her say once that she'd give anythin' to be idealised by a great poet—sort of—what's their names—PETRARCH and LAURA business, don't you know. It will be rather amusin' to see whether it comes off—won't it?

Capt. Thick. (*choking*). I—ah—no affair of mine, really. (*To himself.*) I'm not intellectual enough for her, I know that. Suppose I shall have to stand by and look on at the Petrarchin'. Well, there's always Aldershot!

[*The luncheon gong sounds, to the general relief and satisfaction.*

TO THE OXFORD CRICKET CAPTAIN.

"100, *Not Out.*" *Monday, July* 2, 1894.

CONGRATULATIONS, Mr. C. B. FRY,
You neatly wiped the Cantab Light Blue eye,
And well deserved the fashionable shout
Which hailed you for your century, not out.
For your exploits, what language is too tall?
At cricket good alike with bat and ball,
Full back at football (that's Association),
At jumping lengthways—well, you lick creation.
In Schools no idler when stern duty calls,
Already having got a First in "Smalls."
Yes, Oxford surely boasts to-day in you,
Her most distinguished son, a Triple Blue.
The Lord's good wicket made a scoring high day,
But you yourself turned Monday into Fry-day!

ANARCHIST ATTEMPT ON A WELL-KNOWN BRIDGE.—After several failures, the Hampton Court Bridge was shot yesterday evening by a young man, supposed to be an Anarchist, whose name and address remain a profound secret, as, owing to his having taken his outrigger by the hour, and, having paid his shot, there was no excuse for his detention by the assistants in charge of the boats. He had been dining freely at a neighbouring hostelrie, the sign of which being "The Mitre," suggested to the intelligent detective in charge of the case the probability of the wretched youth being a "dine-à-mitre." Furnished with this clue, the police are on his track. Fortunately the bridge escaped without injury, and this morning it not only crossed the river itself without difficulty, but assisted many travellers to do the same.

ASPIRATION.—A youthful rhymist, inspired by the Derby, wishes to become a Sporting Poet. "'Poet' and 'Prophet,'" he learnedly observes, "meant about the same thing in Homeric times; and, indeed, in most prophecies of coming events on the turf I have generally found more of poetry than of profit." The modest rhymster says, that as he can never hope to be first in the field of poetry, "he may at least become *a second Ossy-'un*."

OPERATIC NOTES.

IT strikes me forcibly that the Wagnerian idea has influenced all recent compositions. Nothing is now done without a "motive." It may be a good motive, or a bad motive, or an inadequate motive, or an indifferent motive; but motive there must be with our most modern school of composers, who, adopting the Wagnerian idea, (not in itself a purely original one,) and improving on it, attribute less importance to the "Act" than to the "motive," though by a reflex action the scheme of the Act suggests, organises, and it may be added, orchestrates the "motives." *L'Attaque du Moulin* is a practical example of this theory. It is not styled an opera but a lyric drama in four acts. It is founded by M. LOUIS GALLET on ZOLA'S story; it is reduced to plain English by Mr. WEATHERLY; the music is by ALFRED BRUNEAU; and for the stage management, which has so largely conduced to its success, Sir AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS is responsible. It is not what the sporting papers term "a merry mill," though there is plenty of fighting. There *are* some songs in it, and there are some melodies—or mill-odies—which may catch on when heard a second or third time; but they certainly do not arrest the attention at a first hearing. The music, I judge only from the one representation, seems lacking in those catching-on airs which, coupled with the admirable acting of the principals, made the fortune, *sur le champ*, of the *Cavalleria Rusticana*. But a "wind-mill" without any "air" can't be expected to "go."

L'Attaque du Moulin (à poivre)

Madame DELNA is forcibly dramatic, true, but not powerful as a singer, at least in Covent Garden. Nor is there in the character of this Maid of the Mill any such great opportunity whereby to test the power of the actress as there is in the part of *Santuzza*, or of *Anita* in *La Navarraise*. Madame DELNA may be all that enthusiastic reporters have said she is, but she must have a great deal of power in reserve, for the display of which this opera does not offer the chance. Mons. BOUVET as *Merlier*, the Miller, who "created" the part in Paris, is good, but his acting is somewhat monotonous. Madame DE NUOVINA as *Françoise*, is a young *Lady Macbeth*, who gives the dagger and does not request that it may be returned to her again when done with. M. BONNARD, as the *Singing Sentinel*, reminding me of GILBERT and SULLIVAN'S *Sentinel* "with a song" in one of the Savoy Series, was very good; and Mons. COSSIRA, excellent as the escaping prisoner, bore so strong a resemblance to the Director of the Fortunes of Covent Garden and Drury Lane, that people looked twice at their programmes in order to be quite sure that an apology for the singer had not been made, and that the much-talented Sir DRURIOLANUS had not, at the shortest possible notice, consented to be his "*remplaçant*." Mons. ALBERS, as the *German Captain*, ought to be in receipt of a very large salary, seeing "how wide he opens his mouth" when singing. All were good in the best of all possible operatic entertainments, including the unequalled orchestra conducted by M. PH. FLON, (is this "Phlon-FLON"?) who has taken his turn with Signori BEVIGNANI, MANCINELLI, and Mr. FREDERIC COWEN, the last-mentioned coming to look after his new Opera of *Signa*, in which Madame DE NUOVINA was charming, and Signor BENJAMINO DAVIESO appeared as the Anglo-Italian Tenor. Congratulations to Signor FREDERICO COWENI.

Saturday night. Elaine. "If it's not very lively," observes Sir AUGUSTUS beforehand, "still it must be remembered that I have not only at heart the interests—and in pocket the interest—of Covent Garden, but also of '*Drear Elaine*.' Should it prove a joyous opera and attract the people, then I shall consider it as an example of 'Drawer-Elaine' at Covent Garden. But now—hark!—let us not trifle with time and tune. MANCINELLI is raising his *bâton*, up goes the curtain, and all in to begin. *Nous verrons.*" And the "all" includes the Prince and Princess of WALES and their two unmarried daughters, and a very good house indeed. "And how is *Elaine?*" is the question. "Very well, thank you, and much better than she was two years ago," is the reply. *Elaine* is decidedly thinner. One Act gone, and other judicious cuts have reduced her. The opera is consequently lighter. Due weight, however, is given to it by Madame MELBA and JEAN DE RESZKÉ. DRURIOLANUS has followed the precedent of "cutting the 'osses." But the "cackle" of geese followeth not. On the contrary, the applause is abundant.

MUSIC AT HOME.

Hostess. 'OH, THANK YOU FOR YOUR LOVELY MUSIC, HERR BLUMENTOFF! IT 'S JUST WHAT I LIKE. IT BLENDS SO PERFECTLY WITH THE CONVERSATION WITHOUT IN THE LEAST INTERRUPTING IT!"

WAITING THEIR TURN.

(In the Hot Room, St. Stephen's Baths, Westminster.)

Bath-Man, loquitur:—

POUF! 'Tis slow work! Were I a Turk,
Fancy I'd put it through more expeditiously!
Poor little Billa! Funkiness fills
All their small souls! See 'em glancing suspiciously,
Timid and torrid! Finding it horrid
Waiting their turns for shampooing and plunging
Parboiled and limp, each, as a shrimp;
No great result for my long scurryfunging!!!

Faith, I *am* tired! Been much admired
For my long patience with Big BILLY
He got it hot! Worrying lot [BUDGET.
Some of these fellows. But BILLY will trudge it
Pretty soon, now. *Splosh!!!* What a row!
BILLY is bulky, and makes a big splashing.
Head-first he goes, kicks up his toes,—
All that is left after boiling and washing.

Thanks be *he* 's through! What 'll I do
Next, and which of 'em in waiting seems readiest?
I 'm so restricted! Little "EVICTED,"
Small Irish bhoy, seems I fancy the steadiest.
"EQUALISATION?" *His* perspiration
Something prodigious, and yet—well—the other!—
Oh! English, Scotch, Welsh, they all look like squelch,
And the task of selection is truly a bother!

Had I free choice,—Ah! but *my* voice
Only counts one nowadays in selection.
BALFOUR & Co.—*they* run the show;
Matter I think for most urgent reflection.
They arrogate questions of date,
They set the time, and the temper*ature* too.
If I insist, well, they 'll resist;
Get their way, too, in the long run,—ah! sure to!

Nice state o' things! Wish I had wings!
Much rather boss a small Bath by the Bosphorus!
Sixes and sevens now at St. Stephen's!
Running it all the year round at a loss—for us!
Look at 'em there, each on his chair,
Wobbly, perspiring and weary o' waiting!
Might have been done, every one,
But for Balfourian procrastinating.

Rum-looking lot! Don't they seem hot?
Little "EVICTED," young "EQUALISATION."
Quite in a stew. The *other* two,—
Well, 'tis complete discumboblification!
Must make my choice! Waiting my voice!
Gentlemen please — Mr. — ahem! Oh! thunder!
They *all* pop up, prompt as a Krupp.
Which had I better first call in I wonder?

THE NEW PARTY.

[MR. GRANT ALLEN and several other advanced politicians have started a new party, the members of which are to be called Isocrats, a title very similar to one coined by COLERIDGE for a society which he desired to found on principles of general equality.—*Daily Paper.*]

MANY have heard of Pantisocracy,
A compound crude of COLERIDGE and cant,
The latest products of Democracy
Dub themselves Isocrats without the ["pant."
'Tis as it should be, is it not,
For what are they but *sans-culottes?*

AT LAST.

AT last the sky is actually blue.
Say not "dull, hazy, cloudy, overcast,"
O weather prophets, "fine" alone is true
At last.

At last, as June is finishing, the Row
Looks bright and gay. The difference is vast;
The sunlit grass, the rhododendrons g'ow
At last.

At last my topper flies not in the gale,
I gazing on its ruin quite aghast,
Nor gets all spotted after rain or hail,
At last.

At last it rests serenely on my brow,
As firm as colours nailed to any mast;
In fact it 's somewhat hot and heavy now,
At last.

At last you sport your thinnest frocks, fair maid,
Sweet CHLOE, PHYLLIS, PYRRHA, prim or fast.
Now AMARYLLIS dallies in the shade
At last.

At last NEAERA's hair is undisturbed,
Not out of curl from damp, nor by the blast
In tangles blown. She smiles quite unperturbed
At last.

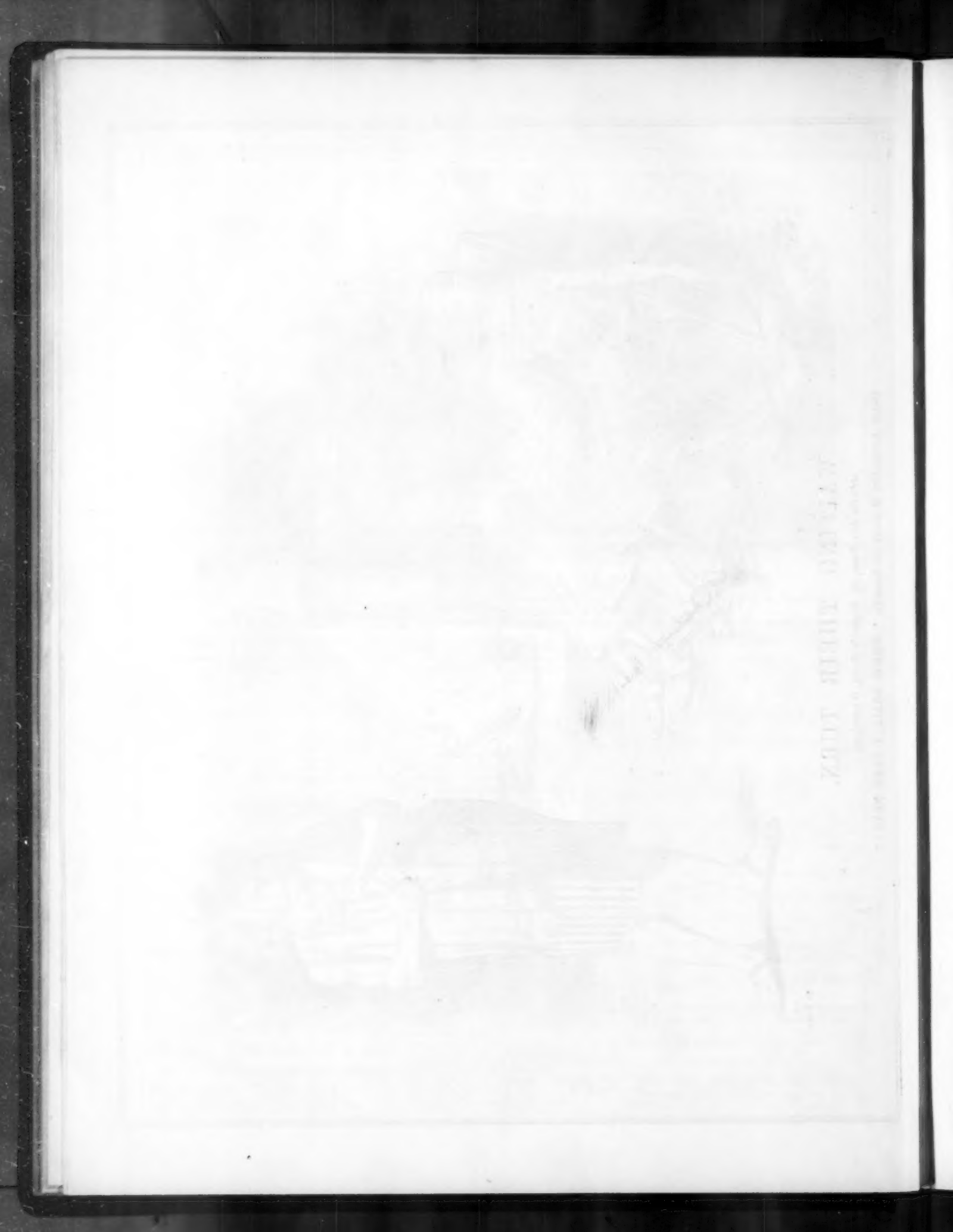
At last. But soon the rain, the fog, the haze
May spoil light frocks that now sweep gaily past.
For *tempora mutantur;* such fine days
Can't last.

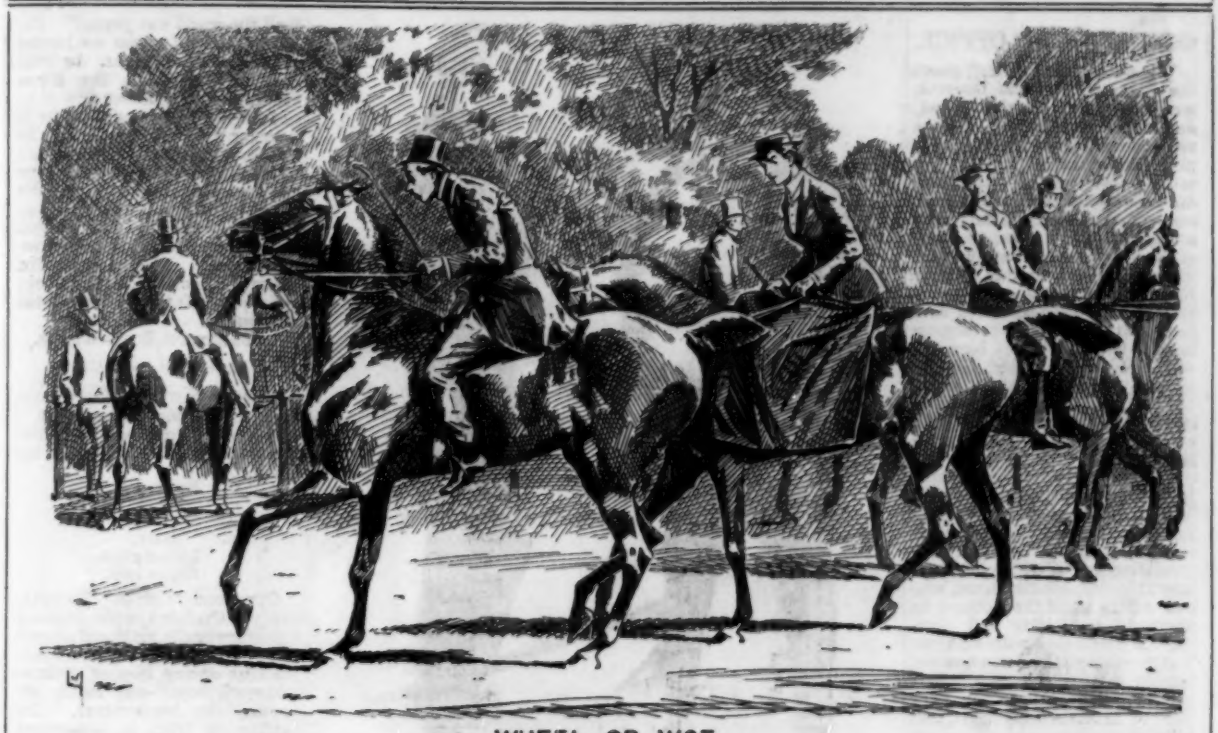
TRAVELLING MOTTO AT HOLIDAY TIME.—"Too many Cooks (tourists) spoil the Continent."

WAITING THEIR TURN.

(In the Hot Room, St. Stephen's Baths, Westminster.)

CHIEF ATTENDANT H-RC-RT (*to himself*). "WHICH SHALL I TAKE NEXT?"





WHEEL OR WOE.

Maud (who has had the misfortune to bring her Cousin from Provincial Town into the Row). "BUT, GOOD GRACIOUS! I THOUGHT YOU WERE ACCUSTOMED TO HORSES; IN FACT, YOU TOLD ME YOU HAD BEEN RIDING A GOOD DEAL LATELY."

He (in intervals of bumping). "B—B—BUT IT WAS A B—B—BICYCLE!"

NOMINE TANTUM.

THIS morn, as now for half a score of years,
I comfortably caught the nine-fifteen;
At noon we met by chance—as noontide nears
Such the weeks round our daily chance has been;
Yet shipwrecked brother, newly come to land,
Could not more fiercely seize me by the hand.

You ask me how I am, nor let it pass,
But keep on asking till I tell you how;
'Twere rude to bid you not to be an ass,
Churlish to turn a greeting to a row;
But, knowing that my general health is fair,
Why should you daily ask, why should you care?

I sometimes wonder, while my knuckles ache
With unrequited pressure of your digits,
While whispered mysteries of nought you make,
And take no notice of my patent fidgets—
I wonder how a real old friend you'd flatter,
And how reveal a really private matter.

Think but a moment, (if you ever think,)
I never knead your knuckles with my thumb,
I never proffer an untimely drink,
About my own affairs I'm ever dumb,
Yet I believe, in your impulsive way,
You think we're bosom friends from childhood's day.

Yes, though they brand our English ways as cold, [huge city.
Meetings like ours make glad the whole
The magnate, weighty as though shod with gold, [writty,
The lawyer's clerk, precocious, slim and
All have the same convulsive warmth of greeting
For casual people whom they're always meeting.

Is it perchance self-preservation's law
That drives good will, drowning in Mammon's sea,
To clutch in frenzy at a man of straw,
And cheer a heart with the hand's amity,
That in the way of business would stab it—
Or is it only an absurd bad habit?

A PUFF AND A BLOW.

SHOULD tropical weather continue, let dusted, wooden-pavemented, sore throated, weary Londoner, take train Sunday Morning 11 A.M. Victoria, or rather let train take *him*, right away to Dover, where he will at once step on board the *Calais-Douvres*, and get one hour and a quarter's worth of ozone into his system. Then at 2.15 he will land at Calais, when, free of baggage, wraps, and all such-like *impedimenta*, he will walk into the buffet of the hotel, and having made his choice from many excellent things there set before him, he will proceed to walk into his *déjeuner à la fourchette*, for which meal he will have ample time, seeing that the *Calais-Douvres* does not start on its return voyage till 3.45. After *déjeuner* comes the *fourchette*, or "fork out," which, if the *voyageur* be wisely content with the *ordinaire*, will amount to a very moderate sum. Then, exclaiming with the ancient pirate of bye-gone nautical melodrama, "Once aboard the lugger and we are free," he will saunter, leisurely, with cigar, pipe, or cigarette, according to the taste and fancy of the smoker, down to the boat. There, if he be wise and wary, he will at once re-embark, in order to secure a comfortable arm-chair in a good position, long before any trains bearing hot and dusty travellers from Belgium or Paris shall appear. There he can sit, smoking calmly under a cool sunshade, placidly watching the shooting of the luggage, which is unattended by any danger, each box going off with a very slight noise, and he can calmly wonder at the anxiety of the passengers. Then, farewell France, welcome back to the shores of Old England, and the adventurous Briton will find himself landed at Victoria Terminus by 7.15 or it may be 7.20, with another ozonised appetite, ready for a dinner *chez lui*,—or *chez* anybody who'll give him one,—and afterwards, sufficiently tired, neither fagged nor weary, he will be certain of a good sleep at an early hour, and sure to wake in the morning all the better and fresher for his outing and his inn-ing.

[N.B.—Fine weather and gentle breeze taken for granted.]

LINES IN PLEASANT PLACES.

IV.—BETWEEN THE DANCES.

IF I were—JACK, and you were—JILL,
Our waltz of some few minutes back
Perchance had been a "frightful thrill"—
If you were JILL, and I were JACK!

If I were JACK (that's—So-and-So),
Of smiles your face would know no lack;
That you were stretched on boredom's rack
You would not do your best to show,
If I were JACK.

If you were JILL (that's—Somebody),
I should not find "the work" up-hill;
No treading conversation's mill—
Floor, music, theatres—wearily,
If you were JILL.

If you were JILL, and I were JACK,
A kinder light your eyes would fill,
And I should not look glum and black
If I were—JACK, and you were—JILL!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"A DELIGHTFUL book," quoth the Baron, "is *David Garrick*, written by my worthy friend, JOSEPH KNIGHT, F.S.A. Let me recommend this work as one to be placed by your reading chair, and to be taken up, as was *Mrs. Gamp's* bottle, when so disposed, and oftentimes will you thus enjoy a Knight with GARRICK." One of the most humorous among very many anecdotes in this book is that about BOSWELL going to the SHAKSPEARE Fête costumed as a Corsican, within his pocket a poem he had written for the occasion, and "which," says Mr. KNIGHT simply, "he intended to speak, but the crowd would not suspend its diversions to hear him." That's all: but isn't it delightful! Poor BOZZY!!

The Baron is more than pleased to see once again the deft hand of Mr. T. H. S. ESCOTT at work in reviews and magazines. His paper, entitled "Edmund Yates, an Appreciation and a Retrospect," is most interesting to the Baron, who can call to mind the persons he mentions in literary and journalistic connection with EDMUND YATES—though the Baron does not happen to remember them in this particular connection, but as a band of brothers quite apart, and all of them younger by some years than EDMUND YATES, who, at the time HOOD, PROWSE, H. S. LEIGH and others were commencing, had made his name in literature, was CHARLES DICKENS'S henchman, and had been also more or less successful, in combination with a Mr. HARRINGTON, as a dramatist. The time I speak of is when H. J. BYRON "flourished," and when "all the world was young." *The World* itself, of course, not having been born or thought of. Looking back to those days the Baron thinks that Mr. ESCOTT does himself an injustice, and that he is younger than he thinks he is. Be this as it may, he will in any case have a stock of pleasant memories to draw upon, and now, if his health permit, all will look forward to what he cannot look forward to himself, *i.e.*, his reminiscences. "*Prosit!* Mr. ESCOTT! Your health, happiness, and a long life to you," quoth the gladsome

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

.OUR FEMALE DECADENTS.

Bulle'ey Bigge (*a charming fellow, but a bad dancer*). "I CAN'T THINK WHAT ALL THE GIRLS ARE COMING TO! THEY'VE GOT NO BACK-BONES! FIVE WANTED TO SIT OUT A DANCE WITH ME TO-NIGHT!"

HENLEY NOTES.—Why did the onlookers persist in making a trouble of a pleasure-bout? Delightful time, but racing not much.

By Eton
Radley
Was beaten
Badly.
Lots of pluck
But no luck.

GUY and VIVIAN NICKALLS easily to the front in the Diamond Challenge Sculls, sixth and seventh heat. There was no doubt about the heat during Henley week, as "seventh heat" only feebly expresses the temperature. The betting on GUY, in sovereigns, resulted in a loss of GUINNESS. The inscription which goes with the Diamond Sculls is done in NICKALLS-silver.

OUR SCHOOLBOY AGAIN.

Examiner. What is said to have been the food of the Homeric gods?

Boy. Nectarines and ammonia.

MR. PUNCH TO TWO NOBLE SPORTSMEN.

WHAT, *Ladas* licked and the stout *Valkyrie* sunk!
How are the hopes of noble champions shrunk!
Oh, most *un*frabjous day!
No more can ROSEBERY boast the unbeaten 'crack,' [back"
No more that yacht will go "galumphing
Prize-winner glad and gay!

Punch sympathises with his friend DUNRAVEN,
Who nevermore may see return to haven
That gallant, luckless yacht.
PRIMROSE, dear boy, even the fleet *Ladas*
May yield without disgrace to *Isinglass*,
But *Bullingdon!*—that's hot!

Perchance the Nonconformist Conscience now
May be conciliated! Anyhow
The horse may "come again,"
But that proud yacht lies twenty fathom deep!
May NEPTUNE carefully and kindly keep
That hull beneath his main.

Sure there is nothing of her but should change
Sea-shapen into something rich and strange.
Well, England will regret
With a good sportsman by disaster struck,
And hope he'll live with a new yacht—and luck
To lick the Yankee yet!

TALK IN COURT.

(*Consequent on the Peerage Invading the Ranks of the Bar.*)

MAY it please your Lordship, the Duke, my learned and noble junior, will read the pleadings.

I will leave it to my noble and learned friend the Marquis to examine the next witness.

I can quite understand your Lordship's annoyance, but I can assure you, my lord, that the noble Earl from whom I receive my instructions promised that the documents should be forthcoming.

I suppose we may leave the question of costs to be settled by our juniors the illustrious Prince and the hereditary Earl Gardener?

Really, Duke, I must ask you not to interrupt me while I am conducting this cross-examination.

I regret, my Lord, that my young and promising junior, who has but recently been called to the Bar, should have made the concession, but it is only right to tell your Lordship that the nobleman in question—the Duke of HERNE BAY—misunderstood his instructions.

I am sorry, my Lord, that absence in another part of the building prevented me from addressing your Lordship. I trust, however, that the inexperience of my noble and learned friend, the Viscount TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, will not be allowed to prejudice my client's interests.

As your Lordship pleases!

A SONG OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

MAMMA is a judge of divorces,
Sister ANNE is a learned Q.C.,
ELIZA is great upon horses,
And DORA a thriving M.D.
Aunt JANE is a popular preacher,
Aunt SUSAN a dealer in stocks,
While Father, the gentlest old creature,
Attends to the family socks.

Aunt POLLY's a marvel of knowledge,
With any amount of degrees,
She's Master or head of some college—
I forget whether Corpus or Caius—
Aunt NELL is the eminent counsel
Who pleads at the criminal bar,
And I feed the canary with groundsel
For I'm learning to be a Papa.

I'm to marry a girl in the City,
She allows me a hundred a year
To dress on, and make myself pretty,
And keep me in baccy and beer.
The duties?—Oh, as for the duties,
You can possibly guess what they are;
And I warrant the boys will be beauties
That are destined to call me Papa.

"BARRY, COME UP!" (*Quotation from Shakspeare by a "geltlebal with a cold 'id 'is 'ead."*)—Mr. J. WOLFE BARRY was made "a Companion of the Bath," as a recognition of his having done his best for the Thames.

House of Commons, Monday, July 2.—"I am sorry," said Cap'en TOMMY BOWLES, "that there is no CHATHAM, BURKE, or FOX alive at this moment to resist this project of taxing the Colonies."

In their unavoidable absence the CAP'EN, contrary to his custom, offered a few remarks. It had been just as well if he had omitted the preliminary one. He really did not mean anything, much less did he desire deliberately to offend his friends BARTLEY, BUTCHER, and BYRNE. But, as the poet remarks, Evil is wrought by want of thought, and the invidiousness of TOMMY'S remark lost nothing of sting because he had not intended to hurt anyone's feelings—except, of course, those of SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, and that is a legitimate occupation. When an enthusiastic female admirer observed to the eminent WHISTLER that he and VELASQUEZ were the two greatest artists of times ancient or modern, JEMMY modestly observed, "Why drag in VELASQUEZ?" Thus BARTLEY, BUTCHER, and BYRNE turned upon TOMMY with reproachful glance and murmured, "Why drag in CHATHAM, BURKE, and FOX?"

However, all over now. The midnight bells chiming over sultry London proclaim passing of Budget Bill through Committee. Been a long hard fight, monotonous in its continuity, occasionally exciting in its divisions, continuously illustrative of Englishman's faculty of never knowing when he's beaten. Honours rest with SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, who throughout has unflinchingly and, in the main, good humouredly, borne the brunt of battle. The flesh is weak, especially when there is a good deal of it, and the thermometer stands at 82° in the shade. The SQUIRE has snapped occasionally, JOKIM'S apologetic figure, upright at opposite side of table, proving unfailing, irresistible, incentive. Even worse to bear have been the desertion of a few followers and the importunity of many. Had the SQUIRE been a weaker man, he would long ago have brought the Closure to bear on obstruction, and there would have followed a state of irritation, amid which, if Budget was not wrecked, it would have appropriated the whole time of an extended Session. The SQUIRE, going on another tack, has worn out obstruction by affecting the virtue of urbanity if he had it not.

It was particularly hard lines, after getting Clause XXVII. through last Wednesday with a majority of over half a hundred, to be compelled to recommit Bill, in order that CLANCY might chortle, and REDMOND rage. SQUIRE advised to resist; condemned from his own side when he yielded. But what happened? At quarter past ten to-night Bill recommitted in respect of this clause, and on stroke of midnight the whole thing was done with.

"We Liberals," said the Member for SARK, "always know better than our leaders. As there are many of us, and as we each take our individual view, result somewhat chaotic. Good thing if in comparative leisure of week end we think over how the Budget Bill was passed, and what would have happened if we had worried the SQUIRE into going one of our diverse ways."

Business done.—Budget Bill.

Tuesday.—Enter the apothecary. It was Cap'en TOMMY BOWLES who brought him on. The last person in any one's mind. House in Committee on Army Estimates; HANBURY to the fore. Bound to live up to the 534 speeches he made and questions he put last year. TOMMY then beat him by fourteen, and promises to be equally ahead in the current Session. The CAP'EN hitherto had peculiar advantage, seeing that for many weeks he has been, so to speak, cruising in home waters. Having been brought up on legacy tax, teethed on death duties, TOMMY surprised himself and the House with the command he displayed over intricacies of Budget Bill. HANBURY then fell behind. Now, with House in Committee on Army Estimates, he can show TOMMY a clean pair of heels, a spectacle in which that eminent and able Marine may or may not take keen personal interest.

HANBURY began at once raising point of order; MELLOR ruled him out like a shot; so went off on another tack. Adventured the startlingly novel proposition that "promotion should be by merit." Enlarged on the theme for twenty minutes; sat down only when he concluded that audience had fully mastered the proposition, contemplation of which was new to their bewildered mind.

It was at this stage TOMMY towed in the apothecary. He appeared on the scene quite as abruptly as *Romeo's* acquaintance in the streets of Mantua:—

> I do remember an apothecary,
> And hereabout he dwells.

CAP'EN omitted details; but House gathered that his friend the apothecary was, like *Romeo's*, meagre of looks, worn to the bones by sharp misery. This condition engendered by circumstance that he had been brooding in his needy shop, among the green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds, remnants of packthread and old cakes of roses, upon fact that whilst there are surgeon-majors in the Army, there are no apothecary-majors. On behalf of his absent friend, TOMMY demanded an explanation from SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR.

CAWMELL-BANNERMAN with the ruthless disregard of Shaksperian traditions that seems to suit the War Office, said "apothecaries are an expiring class," a way of putting it that suggested they had been dosing themselves. Their place was now filled by non-commissioned officers, who were called compounders of medicine.

What a fall is here. Fancy *Romeo* going about the moonlit streets of Mantua calling out, "What ho! Compounder of Medicine." This callous remark had such effect on Cap'en TOMMY that he laid aside his speaking-trumpet, and was heard no more through the live-long night. *Business done.*—Some Votes in Army Estimates.

Thursday.—Looked in after dinner just now; startled to find HANBURY on his legs, with bit of dirty white rag held out in both hands towards Treasury Bench. Not many Members present; those on Liberal side vociferously cheering. CAWMELL-BANNERMAN looking in better temper even than usual; which was strange since Committee on Army Estimates been at it since four o'clock, and only one vote passed. WOODALL, only other occupant of Treasury Bench, been shewing how a man may smile and smile, and be a Financial Secretary to the War Office. Now the smile broadens till it stretches almost full length of Treasury Bench. As SARK says, it justifies RUDYARD KIPLING'S bold imagery of BOBS sitting on a bucking charger,

> With a smile round both yer ears,
> Ain't ye Bobs?

CAUSTON just bustled in, holding telegram at arm's length. It is the reading of this that has broken the monotony of Committee with noise of cheering, and dashed a smile along the Ministerial benches like a sudden flash of sunlight. Only for this merry mood, one entering the House at this particular moment might fear the worst. HANBURY been at it hour after hour since Tuesday, when House got into Committee on Navy Estimates. CAWMELL-BANNERMAN, a person of imperturbable temper. But there are limits to human endurance; now they seem to have been reached. This telegram CAUSTON has brought in and handed to War Minister doubtless announces that all is ready; a file of soldiers waits on the Terrace; HANBURY will be seized, bound, carried forth, blindfolded, shot; and then the Committee will really get to business, and vote Supply.

A sad fate for one only moderately middle-aged. *Tu l'as voulu* ROBERT WILLIAM. Still, cannot withhold the tear of pity as the hapless man stands clutching at the extended white flag which announces his capitulation, his entreaty for pardon, his promise of better conduct in future.

Ask SARK if he won't say something for the doomed man. SARK, in language not to be here repeated, explains that things are not what they seem. Fact is, HANBURY has somewhere obtained (in what manner, SARK hints, may be matter for police inquiry) a portion of sheeting, the property of HER MAJESTY, supplied to soldiers. This he has brought down, intending to confound CAWMELL-BANNERMAN. Happened to bring it out just at the moment when news arrived of a great Liberal victory snatched at the polls at Attercliffe. That 's all.

Business done.—Two votes in Army Estimates.

House of Lords, Friday.—Peers not habitually given to tears. To-night the MARKISS plunged them (especially Ministers) into condition of abject woe. Only said that England was the head-quarters of the Anarchist operations, the laboratory in which all their contrivances were hatched. ROSEBERY jumped at opportunity with intuition of Old Parliamentary Hand. Enlarged upon it with skill of born debater. MARKISS saw his mistake. Hadn't meant anything; only his way of putting a case. But here was ROSEBERY pitilessly making it clear how the Leader of the Patriot Party had given his country away to the Paris gossips; how he had assumed a state of things which, set forth on authority of ex-Prime Minister and ex-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, would be made much of by the enemy abroad.

MARKISS for once so singed by his own blazing indiscretion that he did not wait for SCHOMBERG MACDONNELL'S convenient correspondent, but forthwith endeavoured to explain away his remarks. This led only to tears coursing more rapidly down ROSEBERY'S pained face, whilst SPENCER forlornly shook his beard as if it were the flag of England drooping under the shamed skies, and KIMBERLEY dolefully dropped his head. A pretty scene, admirably staged and acted.

Business done.—The MARKISS puts his foot in it.

The Two Sarahs.

O WOMAN, you romp in with ease!
If you 're not proud you 're hard to please:
Men talk to-day on every hand
Of "the Grand SARA" and "SARAH GRAND."

Irish Jarvey. "LET ME DHRIVE YER HONOUR TO DUNEEN HEAD."
English Tourist. "I HAVE SEEN THAT, PAT. I WENT THERE TWO YEARS AGO."
Irish Jarvey. "AH, YER HONOUR, SHURE THEY 'VE ADDED TO THE SCENERY SINCE THAT TOIME!"

STARTLING FOR HER.—Mrs. R.'s niece read out the heading of a paragraph in the *Daily Graphic* last Thursday, which sounded to her attentive aunt like "The New Baby." Mrs. R. was all attention, expecting some gratifying intelligence from White Lodge. Imagine her astonishment when her niece continued, "An addition to the collection of the Zoological Society of London was made last week——" "What!!!" exclaimed Mrs. R., and her niece continued.) "When a gnu was born at the menagerie in Regent's Park." The excellent lady was dumb with amazement. Then her niece showed her the heading which was "A Gnu Baby," with the illustration of the gnu baby and the old mother.

PHOSPHORESCENCE IN ART.—Said Professor DEWAR, in a recent lecture, "A perfectly clean plate of metal does not phosphoresce, but the merest trace of grease—such as is left by the touch of the hand—will make it brightly luminous." Take, adds *Mr. Punch*, by way of example, a perfectly clean plate of metal, apply to it the hand of a skilled etcher, say of Professor HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A., and the result will be brightly luminous, and what is more, it will last, and its bright luminosity will increase with age.

VIVE ROSEBERY!—The owner of *Ladas* celebrated the Derby triumph with an entertainment to the Epsom Poor of the Union Workhouse, all Unionists, of course, which makes the Premier's Ladasian horse-pitality still more noble. "This week His Lordship entertains the Epsom tradesmen," so it is announced. One of the entertainments will be of a novel naval character, and will consist of a hornpipe by the celebrated Old Epsom Salts. Afterwards nautical song, "*All in the Downs.*"

REALLY SENSIBLE.—The Lord Chief Justice of England, Lord RUSSELL of Killowen, (and if there is anything in a name isn't this "Justice to Ireland"?) will commence his judicial duties, after the swearing is over, to-day, Wednesday. His Lordship has appointed Mr. R. J. BLOCK to be his Chief Clerk. Excellent appointment! Especially in this summer heat, as when oppressed by the weight of his legal wig, the Lord Chief will simply take it off and put it on the Block.

SHE KNOWS!—Mrs. R. is much pained on hearing that in some parts of the Potteries the favourite song is the well-known one containing the lines:—

The beating of his own wife
Was all the sound he heard.

As she shrewdly remarks, this indicates the manner in which the cottar in this district is accustomed to spend his Saturday night.

OUR TOBY AND HIS ANXIOUS FRIENDS.—*Mr. Punch* has received several letters reminding him that the Duke of RUTLAND is a Cantab, not an Oxonian as stated in our TOBY'S "Essence" for June 30. TOBY is delighted to hear it. He will remember in future that "*Mr. Crummles* is not a Prussian," &c., &c.

"LONDON PLAYGROUNDS."—Drury Lane, Lyceum, Haymarket, Toole's, &c., &c. The respective managers say they prefer to see these crammed, and object to all "open spaces."

SUNLIGHT SOAP COMPETITIONS.

232,000 Prizes of Bicycles, Watches, and Books, value **£41,004**

The First of these Monthly Competitions will be held on January 31st, 1894, to be followed by others each month during 1894.

Competitors to save as many "SUNLIGHT" Soap Wrappers as they can collect. Cut off the top portion of each wrapper—that portion containing the heading "SUNLIGHT SOAP." These (called the "Coupons") are to be sent, enclosed with a sheet of paper on which the Competitor has written his or her full name and address, and the number of coupons sent in, postage paid, to Messrs. Lever Brothers, Limited, Port Sunlight, near Birkenhead, marked on the Postal Wrapper (top left-hand corner) with the NUMBER of the DISTRICT Competitor lives in.

No. of District.	For this Competition the United Kingdom will be divided into 8 Districts as under:
1	IRELAND.
2	SCOTLAND.
3	MIDDLESEX, KENT, and SURREY.
4	NORTHUMBERLAND, DURHAM, and YORKSHIRE.
5	CUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, LANCASHIRE, and ISLE OF MAN.
6	WALES, CHESHIRE, STAFFORDSHIRE, SHROPSHIRE, WORCESTERSHIRE, MONMOUTHSHIRE, and HEREFORDSHIRE.
7	NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, DERBYSHIRE, LINCOLNSHIRE, LEICESTERSHIRE, WARWICKSHIRE, RUTLANDSHIRE, NORFOLK, SUFFOLK, CAMBRIDGESHIRE, HUNTINGDONSHIRE, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, BEDFORDSHIRE, and OXFORDSHIRE.
8	ESSEX, HERTFORDSHIRE, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, BERKSHIRE, SUSSEX, HAMPSHIRE, WILTSHIRE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE, SOMERSETSHIRE, DORSETSHIRE, DEVONSHIRE, CORNWALL, ISLE OF WIGHT, and CHANNEL ISLANDS.

The Prizes will be awarded every month during 1894, in each of the 8 Districts, as under:—

Every month, in each of the 8 districts, the 5 Competitors who send the largest number of Coupons from the district in which they reside, will each receive, at winner's option, a Lady's or Gent's "Premier" Safety Cycle, with Dunlop Pneumatic Tyres, value £20*
The next 20 Competitors will each receive, at winner's option, a Lady's or Gent's "Waltham" Stem-Winding Silver Lever Watch, value £4 4s.
The next 200 Competitors will each receive a Book, published at 5s.
The next 300 Competitors will each receive a Book, published at 3s. 6d.
The next 400 Competitors will each receive a Book, published at 2s. 6d.
The next 500 Competitors will each receive a Book, published at 2s.
The next 1,000 Competitors will each receive a Book, published at 1s.

Value of Prizes given each month in each district. £	s.	d.	Total value of Prizes in all the 8 districts during 1894 £	s.	d.
100	0	0	9600	0	0
84	0	0	8064	0	0
50	0	0	4800	0	0
52	10	0	5040	0	0
50	0	0	4800	0	0
50	0	0	4800	0	0
50	0	0	4800	0	0
			41904	0	0

RULES.

I. The Competitions will Close the last day of each month. Coupons received too late for one month's competition will be put into the next.

II. Competitors who obtain wrappers from unsold soap in dealer's stock will be disqualified. Employees of Messrs. Lever Brothers, Limited, and their families, are debarred from competing.

III. A printed list of Winners of Bicycles and Watches, and of Winning Numbers of Coupons for Books in Competitor's District will be forwarded, 21 days after each competition closes, to those competitors who send Halfpenny Stamp for Postage, but in all cases where this is done, "Stamp enclosed" should be written on the form.

IV. Messrs. Lever Brothers, Limited, will award the prizes fairly to the best of their ability and judgment, but it is understood that all who compete agree to accept the award of Messrs. Lever Brothers, Limited, as final.

*The Bicycles are the celebrated Helical (Spiral) Tube "Premier" Cycles (Highest award, World's Fair, Chicago, 1893), manufactured by the "Premier" Cycle Company, Ltd., of Coventry and 14 Holborn Viaduct, London, fitted with Dunlop 1894 Pneumatic Tyres; Salsbury's "Invincible" Lamp; Lamplugh's 405 Saddle; Harrison's Gong; Tool Valise, Pump, &c.

OF ALL DEALERS.

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"CHAMPAGNE-SANS-SUCRE,"

"GRAND-VIN-BRUT."

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Specially recommended by the "Lancet" and "British Medical Journal" as a high-class wine, perfectly free from sugar, and the desideratum so long sought by the Medical Profession, viz., a healthful and invigorating stimulant which can be used beneficially by everyone, and most advantageously by the Gouty, Rheumatic, Dyspeptic and Diabetic.

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SMOKERS ARE CAUTIONED AGAINST IMITATIONS.

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The following extract from the "REVIEW OF REVIEWS," Nov., 1890, is of interest to every Smoker:

THE PIPE IN THE WORKHOUSE.—The picture drawn by our Reiper of the poor old man in the workhouse, puffing away at an empty pipe, has touched the hearts of some of our correspondents. One who dates from the High Alps, and signs himself "Old Sorrow," says: "I have been struck with your suggestion in the October number of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS for a scheme to supply smokers in union workhouses with tobacco. I am afraid, judged by the ordinary standards, I am the most selfish of mortals, as I never give a cent away for purposes of so-called charity; but this scheme of yours appeals at once to the sympathies of a hardened and inveterate smoker. Were I in London, I would at once start a collecting-box for the fund, and levy contributions for it on my smoking acquaintances, but, unfortunately, my business compels me to be a wanderer round the Continent for the next nine months. I can, however, do a little, and would like to contribute a pound of what I consider the BEST SMOKING TOBACCO, viz., 'PLAYER'S NAVY CUT' (this is not an advertisement). I enclose, therefore, a cheque for the amount."

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London and Paris. Sold Everywhere.
CAUTION.—Note name and trade mark on all goods.

TIDMAN'S SEA SALT.

CAUTION.

Beware of worthless and injurious imitations, not Sea Salt at all, but common rough salt, used in making caustic alkali, manure, &c. Retailers offering them are liable to prosecution. To avoid such substitutes, ask for TIDMAN'S SEA SALT.

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The Queen.

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HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE

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